

Do You Buy Gold Bricks?
Here are yesterday's papers, their prices and the reading matter published in each:
The Herald, 6% Columns..... 3 Cents
The Times, 9% Columns..... 3 Cents
The Tribune, 7% Columns..... 2 Cents
The Sun, 1% Columns..... 2 Cents
The World, 8% Columns..... (here and there 1 cent) 2 Cents
The Journal, 100 Columns, 1 Cent Everywhere.
WHICH WILL YOU BUY TO-MORROW?

THE JOURNAL

"When you drink Saki, you feel like the Springtime.
When you drink Saki, the brutal howl of this expectant
creditor without your gate is as the song of the
nightingale."
The Poet Laureate of Japan.

You will feel the same when you read the Sunday Journal. Order it from your newsdealer in advance or you will miss it.

300 Columns Three Cents.

NO. 4,845.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1896.—COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY W. R. HEARST.

PRICE ONE CENT.

MR. CLEVELAND MAY RUN.

Should Venezuelan Complications Arise He Would Be a Candidate.

Otherwise He Would Refuse to Allow His Name to Be Used.

An Important Statement from F. R. Coudert, His Friend and a High Commissioner.

Third Term Question Abridged by Several of the Country's Most Eminent Political Thinkers.

NOT DANGEROUS, SAYS INGALLS.

St. Clair McKelway Shows That There is No Law, Written or Unwritten, Against It—Senators Sherman and Morgan Write.

Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, a member of the Venezuelan Commission created by President Cleveland, and one of the President's closest political and social friends, yesterday made the following statement:

lean party on the silver question is as badly off as the Democratic party, and I am surprised that the Commodore cannot see any consolation in the fact.

In conclusion, I may add that it is my belief that in the next few months the Treasury he found to be in a healthy condition and all our foreign relations amicable. Mr. Cleveland will positively refuse to allow his name to go before the nominating convention. In the event of certain exigencies arising, however, it may be deemed necessary that the President accept a fourth nomination at the hands of his party.

F. R. Coudert

The language of Mr. Coudert's statement was regarded as very significant by the gentlemen who were made acquainted with its contents last evening. The consensus of opinion was that the statement, coming from Mr. Coudert, meant that certain complications might arise in the Venezuelan question which would make Mr. Cleveland the only logical candidate—in fact, the only available candidate in such an exigency.

CLEVELAND MAY RUN.

Hornblower Does Not Agree With Mr. Benedict About President Cleveland.

William B. Hornblower, who was nominated as an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court by

A YOUNG MOTHER KILLS HER BABES.

Mrs. Ethel Kelso Murders Her Two Children and Attempts Suicide.

A Luxurious Home Made Desolate by a Prophesied Deadly Dementia.

Shot the Little Ones as They Slept and Cut the Arteries of Her Own Arm.

A HUSBAND'S TRAGIC WELCOME.

"I Could Not Leave Them Behind in the Knowledge That Their Mother Had Defied God and Killed Herself."

Mrs. Ethel King Kelso, the young wife of Radford Kelso, became suddenly insane yesterday afternoon, and killed her two sleeping children. She then endeavored to end her own life. She is a prisoner at Bellevue Hospital, but it is believed that she will recover.

The tragedy is one of the saddest which has occurred in New York in many years, not only because of the youth and beauty of the wife and mother, but because of the social position and wealth of Mr. and Mrs. Kelso. There is a sad moral to the story also, for when Mr. Kelso courted her as a girl she at first refused to become his wife, saying that she believed that she would one day become insane. He overcame her reluctance, however, and five



Mrs. Ethel Kelso, Who Murdered Her Two Children and Attempted Her Own Life.

Attacked by homicidal mania, she yesterday afternoon put her two babies to sleep, then shot them through the brain and gashed her own wrist with a razor. Her husband's early return home probably saved her life. She was taken to Bellevue Hospital a prisoner.

granted her, and left the house early in the forenoon.

What followed is gathered from the statements made by Mrs. Kelso, the cook and other witnesses.

After Celeste had left the house Mrs. Kelso immediately dressed for the street. The cook was in the front hall as she left the house, and she smiled and said:

"I will be back shortly, Anna; keep an eye on the children, but I guess they will be all right, as I told Ethel to look after Radford, and she's a regular little woman, isn't she?"

"Indeed she is, ma'am," responded Anna, whereupon Mrs. Kelso waved her hand cordially as she closed the door.

TO PURCHASE CARTRIDGES.

In less than half an hour she was heard to return, and while the servant did not know it then, her mission had been to purchase cartridges with which, it is presumed, she intended to kill herself. It is not believed that at that time she even thought of killing her two little ones. In fact, from the best evidence obtainable, the subsequent homicidal frenzy was merely a sudden impulse, born of an undoubted suicidal mania.

Mrs. Kelso, ever since she moved into her new home, has had luncheon served at 1 o'clock, and there was no variance in this rule yesterday. With her two children she ate heartily of a substantial meal, laughing and joking with the cook who served them. When they had risen from the table she said, addressing Anna:

"Are you busy this afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am, rather."

"Well, don't bother about us, then, for we'll go up in the library for a while and play and perhaps take a nap."

Then they went upstairs, "An" when I saw Miss Ethel and little Radford again," sobbed the cook last night, "the poor dears had taken a long, last nap."

Directly above the parlor on the second floor is a large, well-lighted room called the library. There is a wide, oval window of extraordinary size opening into Ninety-fifth street. Shelves laden with books line two of the walls. A tall dresser and pier glass stand against the east wall; a table occupies the center of the room, while a Turkish divan stands against the south wall near a narrow hallway. In one of the drawers of this dresser Mr. Kelso has for some time kept the razor with which he occasionally shaves himself. A lower drawer has for at least a year contained a pearl-handled revolver of the Wheeler & Richardson make, thirty-eight caliber. This revolver Mr. Kelso never kept loaded, however, as the library during the day time was generally used by his wife and children as a living room.

LADY THEM TO REST.

It must have been shortly before 4:30 o'clock that the tragedy was enacted. From the somewhat wild, incoherent statement made by the sorrowing mother, it appears that with her mind bent upon her own destruction, she played with her little ones until they became fatigued, determined to kill herself when they should be soundly asleep. The boy, Radford, who was two and a half years old, was the first who wished to rest from his games. With his big French doll clasped tightly in one of his chubby hands, he was led through the narrow hall, leading from the library, past two clothes closets, into a large room containing a bed. There the mother, never pausing to undress him, lay him down, and covered the little form with a garment of eiderdown. Then she went back to the brown-haired girl of four and one-half years—her namesake, Ethel—and when she had tucked her dolly away in the tiny crib that had been brought down from the nursery, the mother picked her up and placed her upon the divan. A silk quilt was placed about her, and in a moment more both the babies were slumbering in a sleep that had no waking for them.

It must have been at that moment that the homicidal mania seized her. In her awful grief subsequently, when she was brought to a full realization of her deed, she said with dry but terribly brilliant eyes:

"I could not leave my little ones behind to grow up in the knowledge that their mother had defied God and had killed herself. Something seemed to whisper to me, 'Take the babies with you.'"

And so the deed was done, and it remained for the poor father to have the awful truth flashed upon him without a moment's warning.

WAS IT A PREMONITION?
Mr. Kelso seldom arrives home from his office until about 5:45 o'clock, but yesterday, for some reason which he cannot explain, he was anxious to be home early.

It may have been a premonition of evil, he says, but whatever the intuition which inspired him, it is certain that he reached his residence fully an hour earlier than his wont. He tried the front door, but it was locked, and ringing the bell, the cook admitted him.

"Hello, Anna!" he said. "Where's Mrs. Kelso?"

"Upstairs, sir," said the girl, and the husband, divesting himself of his hat and overcoat, walked slowly up the stairs. As he reached the wide door opening into the library he was about to push aside the heavy portieres, when suddenly his eyes noted stains on the light-colored carpet beneath his feet. Looking closer, he saw that the stains were made by fresh blood, and as his eyes became more accustomed to the dim light he saw that blood was spattered about everywhere—on the walls, the balustrade, and even upon the ceiling. With a terrible fear at his heart he summoned courage to draw aside the curtains, and the first object to meet his gaze was his wife, dead, seated upon a chair near the table in the center of the room. Her left arm was extended straight from her shoulder and the blood was pouring in a stream from a wide, gaping wound at the wrist. On the table lay the razor, its white bone handle turned red, telling a part—a pitifully small part—of the terrible story.

THE HORRIBLE TRUTH.

"What—what does this mean, Ethel?" gasped the husband, staggering toward her. "Hush, dear!" she said. "Don't wake the babies!" And as she spoke she smiled at him affectionately.

"My God, Ethel," he shrieked in his hideous fear, "what does—" and then his eyes fell upon the figure of a brown-haired child, lying strangely still upon the divan. Near by was a little doll tucked away in a crib, but the father did not see that. What he saw was a cruel bullet hole in the temple, but not the red stain upon the bosom of the light-blue gown the child wore—that was stained, as was the carpets and rugs. The father bent over his wife and saw that she was dead. Then, seizing his wife by her right arm, he asked:

"Where's our boy?"

She pointed to the rear room. "In there," she said softly, "asleep."

And there he was found, not asleep, but nearly so. There was a wound in the left temple, and the long, flaxen curls were damp with blood. He breathed faintly, but when, ten minutes later, medical aid arrived, the little fellow was as fast asleep as the doll that lay clasped to his breast.

The father does not know just exactly what he did then, but Policeman Kashman, of the West One Hundredth Street Station, says that a man, hatless and coatless, with the face of a man of seventy years, rushed up to him and cried out:

"Get a doctor quick! There's been an awful crime at 145!"

The policeman hastened about the neighborhood, and in a few minutes had brought Dr. J. F. Moore, of No. 156 West Ninety-fourth street, to the scene of the tragedy. The policeman and the surgeon found the husband kneeling beside his wife, endeavoring, with trembling hands to stop the flow of blood that came from the wound in her wrist. He had wrapped a handkerchief about her arm, and had done much to aid her.

HELD BABIES "ASLEEP."

When the young wife saw the two strangers she started up and cried out:

"What do you want here? Don't you know my babies are asleep?" Then, suddenly a change came over her face. She looked down at the lace-trimmed gown that she wore and saw that it was wet. She glanced from one to another of the men, and then, her eyes wide and staring, she gasped, so low that they had to bend forward to catch her words:

"Are they dead?"

"Yes," said the husband.

For several minutes she stood, looking before her, paying no heed to the surgeon who was binding up her wounds. Then, turning to the surgeon, she whispered:

"Did they suffer in death?"

"No," he replied, "I think not."

"Thank God for that," she said, sinking into the chair from physical weakness. No tears came to her eyes, and for a full minute she spoke no word, until finally she stretched out her right hand and whispered:

"Oh, Radford, Radford; we ought never to have married. Do you remember, dear, when you asked me first to marry you I said 'No,' because I felt that I would some day become insane?"

The husband only sobbed in reply, while

CLEW IN EGLAU'S MISSING CHECK?

It May Lead to a Solution of the Murder Mystery in the Deaf Mute Home.

Treasurer Goldsmith and Secretary Mosenthal Subpoenaed by the Coroner.

The Check Was Issued, but Eglau Said He Had Never Received It.

SOME NEW ASPECTS OF THE CASE.

Principal Greene Said to Have Attempted to Borrow Money from the Artist. Driscoll Had Entrance to Every Room in the Building.

Coroner Edward T. Fitzpatrick placed so much importance in a story he heard last



the big policeman walked over to the front window and gazed into the street without once turning his head to note the woman who was now his prisoner.

And then they let her talk on, and with apparent calmness, but what Dr. Moore afterward asserted was in reality the calmness of dementia, she said:

"Are you sure, Doctor, that I killed them? Are you sure they are dead? You know, Doctor, it may be some mistake. 'I want to die myself, now. Please let me die! Oh, I knew it would come to this!' she went on. 'To think that I should have brought this disgrace upon my husband and my family! Isn't it dreadful?'"

"But," she said, in conclusion, "I couldn't leave the children behind, to grow up in the knowledge that their mother had defied God and had killed herself!"

And all the while detectives and policemen kept arriving, and at length the husband and the wife were told that Mrs. Kelso would have to be taken to a hospital a prisoner.

TO BELLEVUE A PRISONER.

An ambulance from the Manhattan Hospital had been dismissed, and a hack hired in its stead, and at 6 o'clock the prisoner, her husband and Policemen Kashman and Costigan were driven to Bellevue Hospital, where the beautiful, but broken-hearted woman was placed in the prison ward. Dr. Lee attended her. He sewed up two arteries and three tendons of the flexor muscles that had been severed, and when his patient asked him if she would recover, he said "Yes, I think so."

She smiled then.

"No, I will not," she half laughed in reply, "for I have taken conjium, and I know that is a deadly poison. I don't want to get well."

So the physicians, although somewhat skeptical as to the truth of her statements, took immediate steps to purge her of the poison, and their efforts proved to them that she had told the truth—she had swallowed conjium.

In the meantime the husband, accompanied by his lawyer, E. J. Ledwith, of No. 160 Nassau street, were pacing up and down the hospital yard, the former appearing half crazed with grief. Every now and then he would go to the bedside of his wife, and she would invariably stretch out her hand to him, as if sympathizing with him in his sorrow. She never spoke, however. Only once did the husband consent to make any statement, and then it was to simply say: "Illness drove my darling insane. May God watch over her and receive her babies."

SHOTS THAT KILLED THE CHILDREN.

Coroner Hooper visited the stricken home early in the evening, and his physician discovered that the baby, Radford, Jr., had been shot through the left temple, the bullet plowing through the brain, taking a downward course, and emerging from the skull beneath the right ear. Despite this wound he had lived for half an hour. The little girl had been shot twice, once in the temple and once in the breast. Her death was undoubtedly instantaneous. The revolver, which was given into the possession of the police, was of .38-caliber, with six chambers, and when found contained two cartridges and two empty shells. These cartridges were of the Smith & Wesson .32-caliber variety, but fitted the chambers of the revolver.

Late last evening Mrs. Kelso made the following statement to one of the physicians attending her at Bellevue Hospital: "I am dying, but I would go crazy. I felt this attack coming on me about 4 o'clock. I know I have killed my children, and I want to die." That was all she would say.

Mrs. Kelso previous to her marriage was Miss Ethel King, the daughter of William H. King, a wealthy and prominent citizen of Lakewood, N. J. There had never been insanity in her family, so far as can be learned.

She is twenty-five years old, rather tall, dark, and decidedly handsome. Her husband is thirty-five years old. They have been married five and a half years.

Crop is prevented by the timely use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the mother's friend.

night in regard to the Eglau murder mystery, that he had subpoenaed at once upon Louis Goldsmith, treasurer of the Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf and Dumb Mutes, and Herman Mosenthal, the secretary. Both of the gentlemen were found at their homes by Michael McCormick, the Coroner's clerk. They expressed great surprise.

Mr. Goldsmith's place of business is at No. 76 Green street. He is a silk importer. His home is at No. 43 West Fifty-sixth street. Mr. Mosenthal is an insurance agent at No. 46 Cedar street, and lives at No. 112 West Eighty-fifth street. The Coroner desires their testimony on Monday concerning a check. And this check may play an important part in solving the mystery.

Professor Eglau was ill from about the middle of November last to about the first of January. He received his salary for November, but complained to his wife, his daughter and his son-in-law that the check for the December salary had been withheld. He thought this was a hardship.

WOULD NOT LEND TO GREENE.

In speaking of this he said that he earned all of his money by hard work; that money was hard to get and more than hard to keep. So he didn't care to borrow or to lend. And speaking of borrowing, he declared that Principal Greene, of the Institute, had tried to borrow money from him, but had been refused. He told this to his relatives. He said it also to William Peters, president of the Peters Brewing Company, of Union Hill, N. J., and to Caspar Rubert, a sculptor, whose home is at One Hundred and Forty-sixth street and Morris avenue, both of whom were his warm personal friends.

In relating the incident to his daughter and son-in-law, he said that the amount asked for was \$350, and the rate of interest very high. The old artist, however, did not even think of parting with his money. "The banks are good enough for me," he replied. It was in October last that this happened.

Friends of Mr. Greene say he is a rich man, above the necessity of soliciting such a loan; that if he did, he would have not the least trouble in securing the money, for he has valuable holdings in real estate. Mr. Greene himself denies that he tried to borrow from the old man.

WHO CASHED THE CHECK?

But concerning the check Coroner Fitzpatrick believes that it was issued to Eglau. Mr. Greene himself told a Journal reporter that Eglau had been paid in full for November, December and January. If this is so, some one must have cashed it. That person, according to Eglau's repeated statements, was not the old man himself. Who, then, could it be?

If Eglau had been "doctored" it could not have been done without the action of the Board of Managers, which would have met for that purpose. The Board did not consider the matter of withholding the old man's pay for December, so Treasurer Goldsmith declares.

He does not know whether he signed a check for the old instructor for December. The records would show that, and the records are in the institute. Principal Greene, who admitted the check had been issued, refused to produce the records.

HAS THERE BEEN A FORGERY?

If the December check was cashed by Eglau's relatives declare that the signature on it is a forgery. Who could have imitated the professor's signature? That fact established, some clue may be furnished which will lead to valuable results.

The whole management of the Institute seems bent on hindering the investigation. That the person that felled the old instructor was minutely familiar with the daily routine of the home is placed beyond dispute by abundance of evidence. That his presence in any part of the building would not excite suspicion seems equally certain. That is why "Joe" Ainsborough, the night watchman, is still watched by the police.

But the officials and the managers of the place do not seem over-zealous in trying to clear up the tragedy. There is apparently

Ingalls Says One Longer Term.
There is No Law Against a Third Term and the Question May Be Safely Left to the People.

There is no law, written or unwritten, against a third presidential term, and the people can be entrusted confidently with the custody of this and all other questions affecting the safety of republican institutions. An enlightened patriotic public opinion is the final arbiter. With free thought free speech and a free press liberty is secure. Unquestionably nothing but a great national emergency would induce the people to consent to a third term, and the tendency of thought is toward a single term with an extension perhaps of the period of service.

John J. Ingalls.
1/29/16

lowing significant statement to the Journal, in reply to Mr. E. Cornelius Benedict's interview in the Journal, in which he stated that Mr. Cleveland would not be a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and neither he nor any other Democrat could be elected.

Mr. Coudert's statement follows:

So far as Mr. Cleveland personally is concerned, I have no doubt that he would prefer the peace and quiet of home life to the excursions and cares of the Presidency. He has enjoyed the honors and has suffered the inevitable annoyances and disappointments of that most important office, but at the same time I am convinced that if patriotic considerations satisfied him that the path of his duty lay in the acceptance of a candidacy for another term, he would postpone his personal preferences, however strong they might be, in another direction. Otherwise he would, I presume, make his wishes very plainly and emphatically known.

Mr. Whitney would, of course, make a very strong candidate. He has all the qualities to be sought for in a standard bearer of the Democratic party. He is still in the prime of life; his record is unimpaired, and his friends are numbered by legions. If he can overcome what I believe to be a real reluctance to run as a candidate for the Presidency as Mr. Cleveland's successor, he would bring together all the discordant elements of the party, and no prophet with whom I am acquainted could assure us of his defeat until the day after election.

Commodore Benedict, I regret to say, is inclined to be pessimistic. I am an optimist. Had the Commodore been interviewed on board his yacht shortly after he had landed a sea bass, I believe I never have taken so gloomy a view of the situation. I am sorry to see him so depressed by city life. The Repub-

THIRD TERM NOT ILLEGAL.

But St. Clair McKelway, Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, Thinks Cleveland Does Not Want It.

Brooklyn, Feb. 20.

To the Editor of the Journal:

You ask me in substance, "Is the maintenance of the unwritten law against the third term essential to the safety of the Republic?" I do not think there is any such unwritten law. Why Washington declined a third term was set forth in his own words. They define his reasons, and they should be discriminated from any other reasons which have been erroneously imputed to him. When what he said is boiled down in Eagle and Journal style of statement, it amounts to about this: "I am tired and I want to go home." He was tired, and he went home, but he did not say one word about any

Continued on Second Page.